A

POEM

Humbly preſented to His moſt Excellent MAJESTY

King William the Third,

Upon His moſt Miraculous and Happy Preſervation from that Barbarous

Jacobitiſh Conſpiracy

To Aſſaſſinate His Royal Perſon,

February Anno 1695.

By *R. B.*

——*Nec Ignes*
Nec potuit ferrum!

LONDON;

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A POEM upon His Majesty's Miraculous and Happy Preservation from JACOBITE *and* FRENCH *Assassines.*

WHilst Treach'rous *France* in his *Versail* secures
His Guilty Mould'ring Carcals, and immures
In lewd *Maintinion*'s Arms his *Conscious* Soul,
Which in streams of Blood makes Gasping *Europe* rowl,
And *Massacres* whole Countries by *Surprize*,
Boasting his *breach* of *Faith* for *Victories:*
Whilst he t'Inglorious *Poisonings* resorts,
And in *Secret Murthers* makes his great Efforts;
Sordid Attempts! despis'd by *Men* of *Arms*,
Honour their Blood for *Just* Atcheiv'ments warms;
These Court the *Glorious Field*, and seek Renown
Where toyling *Hero*'s strive for *Vict'ries* Crown:
But *Mean*, and *Abject* Souls, such as the *base*
Case-hard'ned *Priests*, and *Cain*'s pale *Treach'rous* Race
Of Hated *Vagabonds*, and *Bigotted* Fools,
Bog-Trotting *Ruffians*, Mercenary *Tools*,

(Fit

(Fit Inſtruments t'advance the vaſt Deſign
In which *great Lewis*, and *juſt James* conjoin)
Barb'rous Attempts theſe naturally Chuſe,
Black as their *Cauſe*, ſuch are the Means they uſe.

The *Brave* are *Heaven's Care*, this *Cæſar* taught
When his frighted Pilot in a *Tempeſt* wrought,
Proud ſwelling Surges cruſht the Trembling Keel,
And made the Captain's bluſt'ring Courage reel,
Mountains of Water combate on the Main,
And into foaming Billows daſh again;
The Scaly Legion to the Bottom creep
T' avoid the Fury of the angry Deep;
The Watry Regions glows with Sparks of Fire,
And all the Glories of the Day retire,
Dark pitchy Clouds obſcure the ſpangled Sky,
And thunder down their Terrors from on High:
The Crazy Veſſel like a Cork was toſt,
And th' half-dead Seamen yielded all was loſt.
Th'*Undaunted Hero* checques their gloomy Fear,
And buoys their Spirits ſinking in Diſpair:

Chear

Chear up my Mates! the Gods of Us take *Care*,
Cæſar, and th' *Empires* Fortune are lodg'd here:
Not all the *Raging Floods* can Swallow's up;
I ſee a *Calm* from yonder Mountain's Top:
A bright Serenity ſhines in my Mind,
And ſhews the *Empires Work* is yet behind;
This *ſhatter'd Veſſel*, tho' by Tempeſts Tore,
Shall *Cæſar* whaft to the Appointed Shore,
Nor will his better *Stars* ſee him Forlorn
Who was for *Glory*, and an *Empire Born.*

How oft hath *England's greater Cæſar* found
His Guardian Angel *ſhield* his Temples round?
Your *Sacred Head* was *cover'd* from on *High*
When *Storms* of *Ball* obſcur'd the Ecchoing Sky;
When *Bombs*, whoſe Murth'ring Thunders rend the *Air*,
Like the *Laſt Tempeſt* which the Globe ſhall Tear,
Have ſet great *Camps*, and *Cities* all on *Fire*
As if the *World* ſhould in that Blaze expire;
Your *Heav'n-skreen'd Perſon* hath *unſhaken* ſtood
In midſt of *Hurricanes* of *Fire* and *Blood.*

Great Cannon-Ball, *diſarm'd* of all their Force,
Slide o'er Your *Shoulders*, baffled in their Courſe!
Some *touch* Your Royal Garments, and *paſs by*,
'sif *Aw'd* by Laws of Supreme *Deſtiny*.

Not all the *Battles Rome*'s great *Gen'rals* fought,
Not all the Trophies which to *Rome* they brought,
With Your *Immortal Triumphs* e'er can ſhine,
If we regard *Your Glories* at the *Boyn*;
Or *Namur*'s Walls, which like to *Vulcan*'s *Forge*,
Or *Etna*'s Top, *Thunder*, and *Fire* diſgorge.
This *Caſtle France* Impregnable did boaſt,
Here he laid out his *utmoſt Care*, and Coſt,
In this he vaunted as of *Babel*'s Tower,
'twas the *Reſult* of all his *Might*, and *Power:*
This Your *Great Soul* with Indignation fill'd,
This *Mighty Fortreſs* to Your Sword muſt *yield!*
Namur's the Word, and 'tis Reſolv'd upon
France ſhan't *keep Towns*, and *England*'s *King look on!*
What *Conduct* here, what *Bravery* was ſhown,
What *Rage*, what *Arts*, in former Fights unknown?

This

This Draggoon *Buffleur* with Amazement ſaw,
And fill'd *Chantillie*'s ſhaken Soul with Awe;
They ſaw the *Engliſh* againſt *Rocks* aſpire,
Combat with *Cannon*, Grapple *Storms* of *Fire!*
Courage like this our *Stout Fore-Fathers* ſhew'd,
They *Came*, they *Saw*, like *Cæſar*, and *Subdu'd.*
Aſtoniſht *Villeroy* the Seige Beheld,
And th' *Engliſh* reap the Honour of the *Field*,
His *Hundred Thouſand French* durſt not appear,
But ſtood, like *Statues*, *Petrified* with Fear.

Whilſt, Royal SIR, with *Honour* You Chaſtiſe,
Your Foes reſort to *Feeble* Treacheries,
In *Camp* they Baſely ſeek Your *Precious Life*
By *Poyſon*, or a *Conſecrated Knife*;
In Your *Own Court* their Treaſons they purſue;
What is 't their *Guilty Fears* won't hurry 'em to?
A Set of *Spurious Wretches*, *Vile*, and *Baſe*,
Spawn'd, like their Councils, of th' *Infernal Race*,
The *Scum*, *Reproach*, and *Peſt* o'th' Human Line,
As the *fall'n Angels* are of that Divine;

Alike

Alike in *Rancour*, and alike in *Spight*,
Both fight againſt *Almighty Power*, and *Light*:
Theſe are the *Crew* Choſe by *Moſt Chriſtian France*,
His *Long-Projected Empire* to Advance;
Now that his *Prieſt-bleſt* Arms, and Councils fail,
He'll try if *Hell-ſpawn'd* Tories can't prevail.

SIR, 'tis Your *Noble Vertue* makes them dread,
And raiſe their *baffled Plots* againſt Your Head;
Had You *at firſt* but *Cruſht* the Viprous Brood,
They had not Now been *Hunting* for Your *Blood!*
But Your *Mild* Reign, Indulgent to a *Fault*,
Cheriſht thoſe *Serpents* which Your Life *Aſſault*;
Thoſe *Home-bred Foes*, more *dangerous* by far
Than all the Open Violence of War:
Not Impious *Louis* with his *Fleet*, and *Hoſt*,
Of which (till the *Late Reigns*) he ne'er could Boaſt,
Could ſtop the *Juſtice* of Your *Conq'ring Sword*,
But for the *Aids* Our Traytors *Hence* afford.
Now, Sir, Your *Thunder* let the *Miſcreants* ſhare,
Whom *Heav'n diſcovers*, let not *Favour ſpare*:

Root ·

Root the *Malignant Race* that dare diſown
Your *Peoples Right* to *Give* a *Forfeit Crown*,
Who from *falſe Toppicks*, *falſe Concluſions* draw,
And give the Prince a *Pow'r* to *Null* the *Law*;
Theſe, to foment Our Woes, *Two Titles* bring,
Make One *de facto*, One *de jure* King;
Such *Politicians* would a *Claim* Reſerve,
The *French* Deſigns to *Complement*, and ſerve:
To *pamper* their Inſatiate *Avarice*,
They'd *Europe ſell*, and *England ſacrifice*.
When *ſuch* as theſe are from Preferments *Purg'd*,
And by Your *Juſtice* for their Treaſons *Scourg'd*,
Intrigu'ing *France* ſhall gain no more from *hence*,
Supplies of *Treaſure*, and *Intelligence*;
But this will *mortify* the Monſieur more
Than five *Campaigns* have ever done before;
The *Gallic Power* would but *weak* appear,
If not ſupported by his *Engins* Here.

Great Sir, by *Wonders* Rais'd, *England* to ſave
From b'ing a *Spiritual*, and a *Temp'ral Slave*,

Whom the *Eternal Goodneſs* hath *Preſerv'd*,
And for ſome *Greater Work* to *Come Reſerv'd*;
On whom all *Europe* fix their *Suppliant* Eyes
To *Save* 'em from *French Chains*, and *Cruelties*;
See with what *Zeal* Your People *join* in *One*
To *Guard* Your Perſon, and *Secure* Your Throne:
Th' *Aſſociating Senate* lead the Van,
Your *Lords* and *Commons* as one Single Man;
Your *Loyal City*, *Opulent*, and *Great*,
'bove all the Glorious Sun e'er ſhin'd on yet;
Taking *Copy* from *Original* ſo fair,
Expreſs their *Love*, their *Duty*, and their *Care*.
No ſooner was the *Welcome Tydings* hurl'd
Of their *Darling*'s Safety thro' Your *Engliſh World*,
But in *Rural Triumphs* they their Joy proclaim;
And vow to *Die* for *Brave* King *WILLIAM*.
In Chearful Throngs each *County* crowds to Sign,
And with their *Repreſentatives* Conjoin:
This *Bond* of *Union* is approv'd by All,
And Swells from *Corporate* to *National*.

Nor

Nor will the *General Pact* determine here,
But *Foreign Princes* in the *League* appear;
The *Potentates* of *Europe*, *One* and *All*,
States, and *Crown'd Heads*, *Allies*, and *Neuteral*:
None can be *Safe*, all Government's *deſtroy'd*,
When *Butchers* are for *Holy Ends* Imploy'd.
How *Execrable* muſt this make the Names
Of the *Twin-Cut-Throats Lou' le Grand*, and *James*?

Whilſt theſe *freſh Treaſons wake* your *Friends* at *Land*
Your *floating Tow'rs*, their *Force* at *Sea* withſtand;
This to Your *Royal Vigilance* We owe,
Soft they *Approach'd*, but found no *Sleepy Foe*:
Soon when your *Startling Squadron* came in view,
The Noiſy *French Armada* ſtraight withdrew,
Th' *affrighted Flota* to the *Sands* do Creep,
And durſt not meet Your *Adm'ral* on the Deep;
Their *Pannick Army* they *Deharque* again,
And Heave their Cannon in the watry Main;
And,, tho' in *Haſte* their *Hero* to *Reſtore*,
They durſt not venture on Your Engliſh Shoar.

Your

Your Royal *Flagg* made *Ships*, and Troops to Run,
They mind the *Setting* of their *Riſing Sun*.
Great *RUSSEL* ſtops them in their *Hot* Carier,
Ruſſel, whoſe *Name* the *French* with *Trembling* hear.
That *Illuſtrious* Captain, *Monſieur* durſt not meet,
They *felt* his *Courage*, when He *burnt* their *Fleet*.

Thus what *falſe France* deſign'd for *England's Woe*,
Kind Prov'dence turns to *France's Overthrow*,
And, *well Improv'd*, will *fix* Your *Intereſt* more
On Your *People's Hearts* than ever heretofore.

But I muſt Crave your *Majeſty's* Excuſe
For an *Unpolliſht*, Melancholly *Muſe*,
Who, *Uninſtructed* in the Arts of Verſe,
Preſumes Your *Royal Story* to Rehearſe,
This might become *fam'd Mouſe*, or *Dorſet's* Lyre,
Whoſe *Eloquence* can *charm*, and *Sence inſpire*:
But, if Hearty Zeal may for the reſt Atone,
May *Heav'n-ſav'd William* long wear *England's Crown*.

FINIS.